

Never Too Big for Halloween

****May it Stay in Fiction****

(Cast Appendix in back)

"Hurry your butt, girl, or we're going to be late!"

The ram-girl jumped, startled. Her errant hand had left a jagged scar of eyeliner down her fur. To think she'd been so close to finishing, too. She leaned in at the mirror to ascertain the damage, and how quickly she might be able to correct for it. Her mother popped into the bathroom, frowning.

"How long does it take to put on a cos--is that my makeup?"

"Uhhhh..." The ram-girl looked up at her mother, guilty and taken aback. "I didn't think you'd care!"

"I do care, that's expensive! What do you need it for anyway, you're nine-years-old!"

"I need it for my costume!" said the ram-girl, looking away.

"I don't see why we couldn't get you a broom hat and green face-paint," sighed the mother. "Well, the webs are a nice touch, but, are you sure people are going to know you're a *witch*? You just looked dressed up to me, and inappropriately I might add."

The ram-girl frowned, becoming nervous again. She wasn't afraid of her mother, but she *was* afraid for tonight. It was true, she was basically just dressed as Goth as she could given her limited (and secret) wardrobe, and she was fortunate she had the right kickass boots. She had been counting on her make-up to carry her a little, as her lacey, Gothic top and mini-skirt were... cheap looking under direct light. But the fake cobwebs she'd spread over her ram-horns and hair? Yeah, that practically *made* the costume.

"What's inappropriate about it?" the girl asked, tugging down her mini-skirt, so small it kept revealing her black panties.

Her mother, Ashleigh, was dressed like what poor word choice would find to be... a witchdoctor! Ropes, leather, leaves and *real skulls* adorned her, and nothing to cover her plump, exposed breasts. Burnt sage and war-paint decorated her ashy brown fur, and small bones were linked like wind-chimes and hung from her horns. She had fabulous horns, just like the daughter, but other than that, her mother actually looked like a huge Doberman Pinscher, and the ram-girl's school mates said she looked like a Houndoom from the Pokemon franchise.

The ram-girl was less impressive. Her face was somewhat flat, making her look a bit more... *cute* than she liked. Her fur was long and thick and flat, a ruddy brown color with a red tinge--kind of like dried blood. Both of them had deep red eyes, including the sclera, but where Ashleigh's had slitted pupils, the daughter did not.

Without even trying her mother could be frightening, imposing and cool. The daughter yearned for it... And much to her humiliation, she could tell that her mother was picking up on that.

Ashleigh sighed and knelt down to help fix her makeup. "You're lucky I love you, I have half a mind to eat you up if you make us late."

"... No you wouldn't...!"

"Oh I wouldn't?" the mother laughed. "Don't be so sure, maybe I've been dreaming about it ever since I swallowed your birth-mother."

The ram-girl wrinkled her nose, smelling a little bit of the arousal (not to mention a bulge) that betrayed what lay hidden in her mother's loincloth--Her mother was... technically

her father, biologically. An incredible woman with an incredible cock, and the daughter was embarrassed to know that.

"Well I still think you look like a brat dressed up instead of in a real costume," said Ashleigh, patting her daughter on the shoulder. "But it is your Halloween! Just don't cry to me if you don't get as much candy as your friends."

"Oh... yeah, about that..."

Ashleigh raised her eye.

"Umm... maybe I'm too old for trick-or-treating, maybe I should be with the older kids now," the daughter said carefully.

Her mother gave her a very unimpressed look. "After the trouble I went through to get everyone together? Oh no you don't. You're going to go out there with your friends and rot your teeth."

The girl gestured to her outfit. "But I worked so hard on this to try and impress--"

"Is that why you're dressed like that? Girls your age shouldn't be dressed like that!"

The ram-girl nodded her head. "Alright, let's just go..." As they left the house, she felt a kind of... relief. Of *course* she wanted candy and to trick-or-treat with her friends! But she was also really tired of being the daughter of a literal hellhound, that no one will take seriously.

Oh, and people kept misspelling her freaking name.

"'Fob'? I thought your name was 'Foe-Bay'!"

"It is, but that's how my mother wanted it spelled!" exasperated Phobé, the ram-girl stomping her foot. "It's spelled correctly."

Her friend Lylie, a goat dressed like Cinderella, had been scrutinizing Phobé's candy bag. They'd all gotten their names put onto their pails and bags, one way or another. "You're not one to talk, your name is hard to spell too. Lie-lee..., I thought your name was lily-é at first."

"Well at least it isn't as bad as..." Lylie turned to Flickr.

"What?" said the Jason-mask wearing tiger-cub next to them, sandy and flensed with comparatively light stripes. "My name isn't hard, you just drop a letter. Okay, it's weird but, easy!"

Flickr was one of a hoard of cats in the trick-or-treating group, although Phobé only had passing familiarity with most of them. Other than Flickr and Lylie, both of whom Phobé had only known a few months, the only other cub she was familiar with was Monique. The white vixen stood with them in a ramshackle, but serviceable steampunk costume. She laughed, leering at Lylie while doubled over, her goat friend confused.

"You seriously didn't know how to spell Phobé's name?"

"I bet you couldn't!" huffed Lylie.

"Can you spell *my* name?" asked Monique, playing with her foxy tail.

Phobé ignored them to appreciate the other kids. Everyone was gathered in front of Slimshod's house--a family friend of Phobé's Mom, truly there were a lot of unusual names about town these days. Ashleigh's friend was a family man himself, the purple equine was chatting to her as Phobé looked over the adults. Most of them were heading off to their own affairs, so Phobé didn't watch them for long. She did notice that most of the parents were asking a large, white fjord mare to watch the kids.

"Brenna..." Phobé huffed. That was Mom's new sexual partner. Phobé didn't resent her for it, but the huge herm horse was

intimidating in her own right, and the ram felt humiliated by it.

'Am I with a bunch of losers?' thought Phobé. Her core friends were cool she thought, but some of these other kids? *'Or worse, what if she just thinks I'm a small kid like the rest?'*

Phobé was nine years old, so were her core friends, but no one else was older than seven, and plenty were younger. Was she just another kid that needed to be taken care of?

The huge white fjord horse was somewhat dismissive to the other parents, "Yeah, sure, ah-huh." Once the last parent left, the only adults around were Ashleigh and her two friends, and Monique's mother Jacky. All the kids played and role-played and played dead, bored and waiting for the grown-ups to finish their conversation.

Phobé recognized her golden-fleeced sheep-cousin dressed up as a pixie--that was just like Aura to try and be overly cutesy. And she thought the Peter Pan red-panda was named... *Miko*, that or Michael or something, but the former felt more right. Everyone else?

No clue, just the children of friends of Ashleigh's, give or take an order of separation. There were seven more goddamn cats beside Flickr, another fox, a mutt and a kangaroo.

It seemed the adults were catching on to just how many kids were here, easily the largest group standing on the block.

"Sweet sixteen," Slim chuckled, the equine dressed as the augmented protagonist of a cyberpunk game. "Plenty for the road, right?"

"Let's try and get *some* of them home," said Ashleigh. "They're out here to have fun!"

"Yeah, wait, what are we talking about?" asked Jacky, Monique's.

"Alright kids let's get rolling!"

Their excitement became fervorous, the cubs stomping and squealing and jumping. The adults started walking and then the children led the advance like eager dogs (and one of them was!). Phobé felt an embarrassing thrill as past Halloweens stirred in her child-fogged memory. They charged out of the cul de sac and onto the next street, and Phobé's nostalgia worsened and evolved--the entire street was more decorated and bombastic than any she'd seen before. The children took off in a sprint, and Phobé forgot about being a big kid.

The first house was friendly enough, with lawn decorations that filled with air--the children observed with delight while the adults rolled their eyes at the hokey, family-friendly pumpkin and smiling vampire. The couple handing out candy were elderly and watching local television on an old cathode-ray television, offering candy out of a bowl. The elderly rats smiled as each child took a piece of candy, but as Phobé took hers (a fat, full-length candybar), she noticed that the couple didn't smile. Their lips thinned or opened at the front in a small 'o'.

Phobé felt a heat flash of shame, and self-consciously shrunk away. What was that look for...?

The kangaroo girl came up next, and Phobé noticed her costume--Indiana Jones! Phobé stared and thought, *'Wow, I don't think Indy was a kangaroo but she's rocking it.'* Her hat was real leather and her whip looked real too! The old couple chuckled and beamed, "Indy!"

As the caravan left the house, Phobé walked beside the kangaroo. "Well they sure seemed to like your costume."

The kangaroo turned back, and looked at her with suspicion, but she smiled, "Thanks, I like yours too."

Phobé hesitated. '*Clever*,' she thought. "Thank you, but, they didn't seem to like it."

"Didn't they? They looked impressed to me!"

"Well, not to me..."

"Well don't worry about it, you look like a very spooky sorceress."

"Sorceress huh? Well I was thinking like, a *real* witch, but, that works too." She felt herself blushing, and the kangaroo girl was definitely staring. But then they came up on the next house door, and rang to say, "Trick-or-treat!"

Phobé saw the small kids shuffling over each other to get to the front, giving her a moment to consider her feelings. The kangaroo liked her costume? That wasn't just a deflection?

The door opened, and the young kids gasped as the adult appeared before them. A curvaceous, voluptuous red-panda dominatrix met them, with leather panties with a zipper pulled back, exposing her dripping, fat labia. "Well well well, look at all the spooky and alluring little characters we have here! Oh, you're Mickey!"

"Woof!"

The astonished children giggled nervously. The red-panda woman then saw Miko, and said, "Ooo and look at *you* Peter Pan!"

The dominatrix curled her finger at Miko, who gulped and stepped forward. The small red-panda boy stepped up to her, trying to avert his eyes.

"I've got a very special candy for such a special boy... How about you reach up in here and get it?"

"Well hurry up!" snickered Monique.

Miko gulped and reached up into the dominatrix's exposed lips, peeling them apart with his fingers and working them up into a hole that, at first was tight, but loosened and gaped around his wrist. He reached deeper, the woman groaning.

One of the adults whistled, watching Miko elbow-deep in the dominatrix's pussy. Finally he reached something and pulled it out of her womb, and his face squirmed as he stepped away from her, a trail of honey following. He held up his strange prize--a blown-sugar ball with a cupcake mounted inside, heart-shaped with a frosting-print that looked like a kiss.

Miko blinked at it. "Wow! That looks *good!*"

"Mmm enjoy little boy!" purred the red-panda dominatrix, and then the red-panda Peter Pan walked away. Monique jumped ahead of him, licking her lips and her fingers flexing.

"Oh sorry hon, only one of those per group tonight!" confessed an embarrassed dominatrix. She then pulled up her candy bowl from the hall-table, and offered a handful of treats to everyone.

They walked away, and Monique was upon Miko. "Dude five bucks for it, cough it up."

"No way!" Miko said.

"Jeez," Monique snorted. "Yeah I bet you'd scalp me for it! I bet you *reeeally* enjoyed that huh?"

"What do you mean?" asked the red-panda boy.

"Dude you got to push your whole arm up her puss!"

"That part was weird! I didn't like that!"

"Liar!" Monique picked up the hem of his tunic and lifted it, then recoiled back. "Oh gods you're not wearing any underwear!"

"That's 'cuz pants are awful!" Miko exclaimed. "They're tight and itchy and I can't feel the air!"

"I can't believe you're not hard after that, puberty or no puberty!"

"Well I--"

"Leave him alone," said Slim. The steampunk arctic vixen gasped and jumped away. She hadn't noticed Slim approaching, but he had a fat bulge in his pants, and she saw him press it against Miko's skull, making the little boy shiver.

"Nnnn...!" squeaked Miko, as a small ruffled divot appeared under his tunic.

"Ooooh," Monique sounded, understanding now. "Well, what if I paid you--"

"Knock it off," said Slim.

Monique growled and stepped away, and Miko thanked and hugged Slim, while his daughter stared and approached. "Hey, Daddy, can I have a hug too?" She was a black panther, and dressed as Princess Jasmine. Miko and Natalia jealously began to fight over Slim's legs, causing him to groan as he carried their weight with every step. Aura came up from behind, Phobé's other cousin with gold fleece, and tried to make them stop fighting.

"Wow they're a little nuts," giggled Flickr.

Phobé looked over at her Jason-masked friend. "Aura, Natalia and Miko? Yeah."

"All three are your cousins right?"

"Well, Aura definitely is, but we've all been over at Natalia's house a lot... but since I was the oldest it felt like babysitting."

Speaking of, and gone horribly wrong... the party reached the next house, sparsely decorated but with loud music going on inside. They rang the doorbell, and in moments it was opened by a huge grey wolf wearing a football helmet and jersey. But he wasn't wearing any pants, and the cub that was with him was *wearing his cock...* specifically, inside it.

Pre-cum poured from the cub's mouth, sticking out of the cum-slit with only his head and shoulders. The cock suckled on him, pulling so hard the cock would shrink between gulps. The big gray wolf waved his hand at the adults, saying, "Hey, welcome to the party, you can drop the kids off with me--I'll get to em all before the night's done, promise!"

He kneeled down on one chiseled thigh to get a better look at the kids, missing Ashleigh and the others shaking their heads at him. The wolf's cock swallowed up the little boy completely. "Dang, not a whole lot of boys in this clutch."

All three boys stepped away, eyes wide with shock.

"Trick-or-treat!" shouted Ashleigh, to the rescue.

The startled children coughed it out in disharmony, "Trick-or-t-treat!"

"Oh!" barked the wolf, and opened the door further, and hoisted a tub full of candy for the kids to sift through... The tub of candy was also full of candy pails, and costumes and shoes, and...

Suddenly one of the girls shoved everyone else out of the way. She stumbled into the candy trough, as if she couldn't control herself, and began sifting through the candy. This kitten had sweet lemony yellow fur and her costume was a shark. She pulled up fat, colorful balloons full of a certain lewd liquid, and smelled the tied openings. She rejected a few, before finding one that pleased her, and lugged it out of the candy trough.

The football wolf laughed. "Careful hon, you know what that is? If that's what you want, I'm about to make some in a moment, heh!"

She shook her head and stumbled off. "This way sis!" mewed the youngest in the group, a small pink-furred kitten dressed as Princess Belle. The shark-kitten bee-lined for Belle-kitten, and smiled.

"Are you blind?" Aura asked with caution, while the group took candy from the trough. The football wolf leaned against a wall, his nuts struggling with the shrinking, whimpering boy. Phobé eavesdropped.

"Yeah," answered the lemon-kitten. "I'm Lauir, you?"

"Aura. What's that stuff you got?"

"Umm, something I *need*, badly," she said, and then bit into it with her teeth, made an opening, and began to *chug* the stuff!

"Ooo, but Arly t'ought sis dun't like boy cum!" squeaked the pink little sister.

"It's not," gasped Lauir, licking her savoring lips, the sweetest 'milk' for this kitten's needs.

"It's cum?" gasped Miko. "Hey Mr, can I take some candy *and* a cum-bag too?"

The group left that house, with Slim walking just behind Miko, his pants bulging. "Man that wolf knows how to party... I mean, what a job, babysitting everyone's kids."

"But you babysit all the time Slim!" Miko chirped.

"Hmm... Yeah," he said, looking at Miko. "Really good looking ones too. Hey Miko... help me with something for a moment, would you?"

Phobé heard Slim unzip his pants and tried to ignore it as Flickr and Monique compared their hauls so far. Lylie watched the smaller kids and hummed to herself. Curious, Phobé watched them too, and saw that dog boy acting strange--he was *giving* out his candy! And he started with his calico-cat friend.

Or perhaps giving wasn't the right word.

"Oh another? Thank you Spot but I just had--mph!"

The dog woofed as he shoved a big candybar into the calico boy's mouth. He could barely say "Trick-or-treat!" at the next house, and when they were walking away, the dog named Spot kept trying to shovel candy into the calico.

"Is he bullying that cat?" Phobé mumbled to herself, and trotted up to them. "Is something wrong you two?"

The cat, dressed in a Super Monkey Ball costume, coughed after gulping a mawful of candy. "Y-yeah! Spot's just... friendly."

"Woof!" the mutt sounded and dragged his fat tongue across the cat's face. "Eww Spot stooop!"

Phobé stared with suspicion... The calico had a kind of Neapolitan ice-cream palette, and she heard there was a dog in the smaller classes who tended to disappear cats. "Riiight... Spot was it? And what's your name?"

"Benjie," said the calico-boy.

"Well if he bothers you, you let me know, okay?" Phobé said, even as Spot dragged his tongue up Benjie's face again.

"Mlaaahh!" yawned the dog, while Benjie laughed nervously and said, "D-don't worry he's... my friend, right Spot?"

His stomach growled and the dog forced another mouthful of candy into Benjie. "Woof."

'Your funeral,' thought Phobé.

The first street provided much candy, but none of the adults or houses had been particularly exciting yet--but the next street's corner-house was like a monument to Halloween. Bigger, more decorated, and startling props too. Tombstones, skeletons and zombies bursting from the ground, and some even moved. Dry ice was belching fog across the menacing lawn, leading to a patio shrouded in webs and black cloth, and a flashing strobe light inside. The party ahead of them screamed from within, and the smaller children hesitated.

"Wh-what do you th-think is in there?" stammered Aura.

"Candy, duh!" said Phobé. Phobé's cousin sniffled and hugged her.

"Will you protect me?" asked Aura.

Phobé grunted and held her hand, and was about to drag Aura forwards when Phobé noticed that Monique was holding back too.

"What's *your* problem?"

Monique grimaced and pointed at the zombie decorations--especially the animatronic grasping one beneath the steps leading to the patio. "I've... uh... They look too real don't they? All mangey and rotted..." She gulped.

"Oh my gods," Phobé moaned and grabbed her hand too.

"Aww that's so sweet of you!" someone said, and Phobé turned and saw the kangaroo Indy. "C'mon everyone, hold hands."

Taking over, the kangaroo buddied up the scared young cubs and led everyone up to the patio, the adults staying behind.

Phobé noticed that Miko didn't come with them, not out of fear, but because...

"Unf unf!"

"Ahh, ahhh!" Miko panted, his body bulging as Slim dragged the cub up and down on his cock, sometimes so hard the bulge went up into this throat. His Peter Pan costume couldn't hide Miko's small, but aroused genitals, bouncing with each thrust.

"Fuck Miko if I cum right now you really will go flying," panted Slim.

'That's fine he's probably fine,' thought Phobé.

Just as they reached the steps, another scream rang out from the veiled patio, and then wild, cruel laughter. The gang paused again, and watched as the veil parted and a bigger gang strolled out. Not more numerous... *bigger*.

Teens. Five of them, and way cooler dressed. Two weren't even in costumes, and the other three were minimalist, dressed for the season but not try-hards. Phobé remembered the webs in her horns, her make-up, her lacy Gothic tunic, everything, and she wanted to hide.

"That was so laaame," laughed a rabbit girl.

"*Uuurp*, you're telling me," burped another, a panda that would have been oddly skinny if not for the squirming bulge in his stomach.

"I thought Halloween was supposed to be *scary*," said a third, and the strangest of them. As the ram daughter of a hellhound, perhaps Phobé shouldn't have found it strange, but what kind of parents produce a demi-human with avian and wolf features! Her hair and feathers were scarlet, wings on her back and a canine tail, but other than that she could pass for the rare human! She had the exoticism and uniqueness that teens crave, the kind teens hypocritically make a pariah of, or put on

a pedestal. One guess which it was, and the haughty look in her eyes gave it away.

Or maybe it was the fact she was only wearing an open jacket and her panties, and the panties had BITCH written thick and ugly on them.

As soon as she saw the group of kids, she guffawed and pointed at them. "Oh my god I spoke too soon! Look at these losers you guys! Ga haha!"

Phobé felt like she'd been dipped in ice. She felt compelled to rip the cobwebs from her horns and throw off her costume and rage against it. She held off only from fear of drawing further attention to herself.

"You want another one Micah? Some tasty lookin' brats here!" said the demi-human.

The only other boy, a tall gorgeous long-haired buck, patted the bulging nutsac hanging out of his cargo pants. "I'm filled up for now, but maybe we can grab a few for the road!"

The smaller kids in the group shrank back, but the kangaroo girl stood her ground. Monique did too, even stepping forward with her hands on her hips, before she shrieked and hopped back as the animatronic zombie under the steps lunged out at her!

"FUUUUCK!" she screamed, and the teens arched their backs and laughed at the sky.

"Knock it off!" shouted the kangaroo. Was it the Indy costume or was she just intolerant of bullshit, because she stepped over the zombie hand and up the steps and stared the demi-human straight in the eye.

"We're going inside," said the kangaroo. "You're done here, right?"

The rabbit and skunk girls giggled, but were about to step aside when the demi-human lifted her arm and stopped them. "And who made *you* the boss?"

"Come off it, if you hate Halloween why are you out trick-or-treating?" she asked.

"Yeah right, we're just seeing how lame everything is, have a little *real* fun," the demi snickered. "How about I demonstrate?" She cracked her knuckles.

"Oh no don't fight!" Aura whined.

"I'm not afraid of you!" said the kangaroo.

"Oh yeah? Tough girl huh?" The demi swiped her hair and tilted her nose up at the kangaroo. "Who do you think you are huh? Think you can take me on?"

"I'm *not afraid* of you," the kangaroo repeated.

The demi smirked and licked her lips... but she hesitated, and opened her mouth twice without speaking.

The rabbit put her hand on the demi's shoulder. "C'mon S-K, let's go, I see their folks over there anyway."

"Yeah they're just kids they're not bothering us," said the skunk girl.

'S-K''s face changed for the meaner, and she leaned down to stair at the kangaroo as if in hot pursuit. "So you're going to hide behind the adults to protect you huh? Pathetic... I knew you couldn't take me."

She snorted and strutted past the kangaroo, who calmly pivoted to watch her closely, but didn't give up any ground. The children parted for the teens, but the rabbit girl stopped in the middle of them and bent down to look at the fox-girl who was dressed as what Phobé considered "generic fantasy priestess."

"Hold on, some of you are *foxes*! Hey cuties why don't you come with me? I have a hot oven just waiting to bake treats out of you!"

Ashleigh looked up from her conversation with the adults and started walking, and when the teens saw the seven-foot-tall witch-doctor hellhound approaching with all her clattering skulls and bones, the teens dropped their aggression and took off in a run.

"Losers!" shouted the demi as they took off.

The children trembled, the brief conflict was upsetting, but at least they headed up the steps--toy zombies didn't seem as big of a deal now.

Especially with the kangaroo. "You're cool!" chirped Aura. "What's your name?"

"Cailey," said the albino kangaroo. She tipped her hat, and Aura beamed from her charisma, but Cailey just gave a bashful smile. "It's nothing. Let's get candy!"

Finally they were inside the porch, beyond the veil. It was full of fog and smoke and black ribbons that hung from the ceiling, obscuring everything. Something shambled through it all, silhouetted by the dizzying strobe light above them. A soundtrack played a horrible noise like an entire tractor was being run through a massive garbage disposal. The kids nervously stepped through the forest of ribbon, and Phobé heard some of their number scream as the dark shambler shrieked at them. Chased toward the door, the kids found a raccoon skeleton in plaid and an axe in its rib-cage, and it sat in an arm-chair obstructing the doorway. On the skeleton's lap was a bowl of candy.

The first few to the tableau plucked treats from the bowl as if it might be filled with spiders, but the danger wasn't there. Phobé noticed too late as her cousin Aura stepped up to

the bowl, her wide innocent blue eyes hunting for her favorite things, while a black shape rose up from behind the chair.

"Hssss." They towered six feet up on a long sinuous body, a black cobra. Aura looked up just as the cobra popped their hood and raised their arms.

"Aaaugh!" Aura squealed, dropping her pail of candy. She turned to run, long sickle teeth lunging forward to block her escape. The cobra turned their mouth and clamped their jaws around her midsection, their long fangs closed in-front of Aura and fastened her to the cobra's maw. With a shriek, she was thrown back and up into the air, her hooves grazing the door frame before dropping down into the yawning maw.

"Eeeeeek!"

Snap, sluck, gulp!

Aura's hips and legs kicked out from the back of the cobra's throat, and the snake leaned over the candy-chair to show their wide maw off, and the child disappearing inside. *Glulk.*

Phobé gulped too, her hand on her throat. She watched her cousin travel down the snake's throat, before they slithered back behind the chair and hissed, "Happy Halloweeeen!"

Everyone grabbed their share of candy and ran off, Aura's pail abandoned. Phobé heard the dark shambler bid them farewell on the way out, and Monique ran ever faster when the zombie lunged from under the steps. The adults laughed as the scared kids came and huddled together, panting and looking back at the corner-house with fear.

The big white fjord, Brenna, started a head-count. "That's what I thought. We lost one."

"That was fast," the vixen mother Jacky laughed.

"Not really," grunted Slim, who had Miko bent over on the ground. He'd orgasmed, hard enough that some had spilled out from Miko's mouth, and yet the horse was still going. "Fuck seeing that kid get eaten made me so damn horny."

"Hey, they have hot-cocoa over there!" shouted someone, and the gang of kids turned to the house across the way. The household had brought out a long table with hot-beverage dispensers holding an apparent variety of hot-chocolate, as well as bowls and jars holding straws and toppings and disposable paper cups.

"Oh, lovely," said Ashleigh. "Maybe we should take a short break?"

"Great, I need a moment," Slim panted. He sat back and pulled the weakened Miko off his cock, the little boy's peen shooting off a single white strand as Slim's fat horse-tip popped out his butt. Miko's feet dangled above Slim's cock.

Phobé and the rest of the kids drifted away to the other house and got their cocoa. Phobé loaded hers with whip-cream and chocolate powder on top. The gang started going over their candy so far, sipping their cocoa from the house's curb and watching the adults on the other side.

"Eeww he's eating that Peter Pan kid!" fussed Monique, with a whip-cream mustache that made her snow-white fur seem almost gray in the night air.

"Hmm? Oh, too bad," Phobé said. She saw that Miko was inside Slim's cock to his hips. He was crying and looking at Slim with betrayal. "Well he said once he *would* when I was over there with Natalia."

Slim's panther daughter looked away from her friends, a set of gray tabby twins, and looked for who said her name. She gave up and Phobé kept to herself, thinking of how she'll never see Miko or Aura ever again, and how weird that is... weirder still

was seeing their bulges going into their predators, knowing that they're still there, just on the other side of that flesh.

But they're also now in another lifetime. She wondered if she should feel sad, kind of like how she'll never live to see another planet colonized or something.

It seemed like she wasn't the only one. Phobé turned and noticed that a commotion was happening with some of the cats. That dog boy Spot hadn't grabbed hot chocolate (instead a child-friendly cider!) and was giving a *lot* of his candy, even the stuff without chocolate, to the cats near him. Benjie's stomach was already bulging from so much candy, and now Spot was working on the astronaut-girl, a white kitten.

"Woof!" he went, slobbering his lips as he forced a powdery packaged treat into the astronaut girl's mouth.

"Oh no don't hurt Snowflake Spot!" fussed Benjie. "What's gotten into you?"

The dog pulled Benjie against him and sniffed between his neck, twice, then released Benjie with a shaking head and grabbed a fistful of candy. He handed it to Benjie.

"Alright alright!" Benjie giggled and started eating.

The dog then turned back to Snowflake, eyes hung low and his tongue curling around his short, stubby muzzle. "Mmm, ahh, woof..."

He shoveled a heap of candy onto her lap, helped her unwrap them and held them to her lips. He panted harder and harder as she ate... he smelled *her fur* too. Phobé was about to ask what games Flickr played for Halloween when her attention was drawn back by Snowflake shouting!

The shout was cut short as a tremendous lump the shape of Snowflake's skull appeared in Spot's throat, and he seemed to have an astronaut hanging off his lips. Benjie had a look of

surprise on his face, and tugged at Spot. "Hey, stop, stop that!"

"Oh yeah he's *definitely* the second-grader who eats cats," laughed Phobé. She *knew* she'd heard about him!

"Say what now?" asked Flikr. "That kid? He better not try and eat me."

"You're twice his size though," said Phobé.

"Yeah well," Flikr, began, watching as Spot curled his tongue between Snowflake's legs and practically *launched* the poor astronaut into deep gut-space. He patted his distended stomach and belched out her shoes with a 'woof.'

"Ahhck but Spot she was one of my friends!" Benjie whined.

Spot kissed Benjie on the lips and the kitten-boy looked away, blushing. Spot snickered and offered Benjie another handful of candy, and then burped in his face. His stomach struggled faster as digestion started, and the white-kitten inside whined and hissed.

"So what kinds of games did you try for Halloween," Phobé asked, as Spot suddenly climbed up atop Benjie, smothering him beneath his massive cat-filled belly. The dog pulled Benjie's bottoms down (and his own) and mounted Benjie like Slim had done Miko.

Flikr saw this and looked away with a blanch, and with a voice a bit higher pitch than normal, answered, "Oh yeah totally, I got suuuper onboard with the Phasmophobia kick lately."

"How's that working out?"

Spot suddenly belched a feline skull out onto the sidewalk.

"Like that," Flikr laughed.

The gang finished their cocoa about the time Slim finished jizzing Miko's remains, and his costume, down a sewer grate. "Fucking fantastic, that felt great," sighed Slim, his brow so sweaty that one the sunglasses for his Adamn Jensen costume was drooping at the side of his face. He packed his meat and gave the thumbs up to the other adults--he was ready to roll again.

Spot, licking the back of Benjie's head repeatedly, pulled off of the cat and patted his swollen belly, plenty of meat still in need of digestion. The group met back with the adults and continued, while Spot eyed up the pink-kitten dressed as Princess Belle. He offered her some candy.

The yellow-kitten dressed as a shark, Lauir, had squeezed the last of her semen into her hot chocolate, and was suckling the dregs out of the condom. "No no, there's got to be more, that's it?" she whined. Eyes closed, the blind kitten lifted her nose and smelled the air--and sharklike, her dull eyes suddenly went bright and she stood rigid, her hackles raised.

"Milk..."

"Really?" the pink Arly mewled. "Girl's cum?"

"That way, take me that way!" Lauir pleaded, half pulling and half pushing Arly to take her across the street! Spot stalked after, and Benjie, noticing, chased too.

"Hey should we follow them?" Lylie asked, the goat-girl staring after them. "Guys?" The rest of the group continued to a different house, so with a sigh Lylie kept with the larger group. This house was smaller and had happy smiling decorations strewn everywhere and not much else. Doorbell rang, they said trick-or-treat, met an old bear lady who offered them home-baked cookies, still warm too. Now with treats, it was back across the street to see where Lauir had gone.

They'd gone just diagonal of the main group, and when they met up with them, they found a big house with fake hellfire

billowing up from wind-machines, and Ashleigh stayed away like a demon should from a church--her head in her hands.

"Oh it's so embarrassing," she fussed, seeing the adults on the patio wearing little devil horns, plastic pitchforks, and devil tails. The kids waded through the fires to where the adults were seated. Their patio was long and embedded in the house itself, a gauntlet formed of the garage and house-proper. Two well-hung women with fat balls and bigger breasts sat in arm chairs with a gigantic bowl of candy between them--one was a light pastel pink cat-woman, and the other was a silvery vixen with fur like moonlight. To their left was a rectangular kiddie pool overflowing with musky semen, and to their right were Spot Benjie and Arly, whom Spot was... ventilating.

"BURRAUUURP!" Spot belched into Arly's face.

The pink kitten screwed up her face against this gust of digested cat smell, and shivered. "Mmmmmf, noooo!" she mewled, but a purr to her voice betrayed her.

"Mmmm," Spot slobbered, licking Arly and his own jowls, while he rubbed his wobbling, fat tummy full of cat-soup. "Woooof!"

"Spot nooo!" Benjie hissed.

"Graauuull!" Spot yawned, and the brown mutt Mickey Mouse closed his jaws over Arly's squeaking, shaking shoulders. Bye-bye Belle, into the Beast you go! He belched repeatedly against her as he swallowed, an ever relentless reminder of what his cat-lovin' guts were gonna do to her. She struggled less and less with each bellow from the cauldron ahead, and her toes even flexed. Was she purring, or was that just his gut growling for more succulent kitten-candy?

"You're eating all our new friends Spot!" whined Benjie. "Well if you love cats so much why didn't you eat me? You're my friend right, do you like me?"

The puppy looked at him and whimpered, wagging his tail. He kicked his bag of candy over to Benjie, and then rubbed his tummy again.

Somehow Benjie got it, and went, "Oooh!" He blushed and resumed eating the candy, and the puppy giggled and rubbed his hand over the growing bulge in his crotch.

Gulp, gulp.

But where was Lauir? Phobé noticed her a moment later-- she'd been easy to miss because she'd looked like the silver fox lady had put a yellow and gray sweater around her cock...

Lauir had been impaled, and a good foot of vixen-dick was poking out of her swollen butt and out a buttoned flap under the shark-tail. Phobé finally noticed her for what she was when the vixen grabbed the kitten and resumed jerking herself off with her, burying the poor yellow kitten's face into her musky sheath with each pass. As soon as she was close, she pulled the girl off enough that she was, once again, *only* just giving a blowjob.

Her body was still shoved with enough cock to venture into her stomach and it distorted her chest, but, yeah, blowjob. Phobé tilted her head, feeling a perverse curiosity for how bad it was going to be--she'd seen her mother Ashleigh do it, balloon people.

But Lauir wasn't afraid of the vixen orgasming, even as her stomach ballooned to the size of a watermelon with only a single pump of cum. Her eyes opened and her body shook, but then she looked like Heaven had taken her, and she purred deeply as she felt her belly get used as a condom. The vixen unloaded to satisfaction and popped the shark-condom off her cock, Lauir coughing and sputtering cum onto the concrete as her airway was freed. Then, she started lapping up what she'd lost, insistent on not wasting a single drop.

"Damn, she's thirsty," the vixen laughed.

The other adult cat just grinned and nodded.

"Thanks for helping me relieve the last three kids I had," the vixen cracked, and then took a bite of a candybar. "You're sweet. Real sweet. You like that milk, don't you?"

Laurir nodded, still gasping for breath.

"Would you like *more*?"

Laurir nodded, smiling now, her panting now excited and regular, her stomach gurgling with cum!

"Way *waaay* more?"

Laurir giggled and nodded vigorously.

"Mm you're too good to pass up, sweetie. Now, you're blind honey, so it might be a scary trip, but I promise, I can get you way way more, more than you'll know what to do with... Here's what you gotta do..."

The kids waded into the area as Laurir, albeit with trepidation, started pressing her paws into the vixen's cock-slit.

"Right here? It's down here?" Laurir asked.

"Yes hon, you're... doing great, fffu--"

"But isn't this your cock?" Laurir asked, confusedly.

"Shhh, the milk is waiting for you dear."

Laurir's tail fluffed with fear and her hackles raised, but she continued to slip into the cock, her knees rising to lift herself... She was doing the work! As if she were magnetically drawn there...

"Oh fuck!" groaned the vixen. "Oh yes, god I love doing this!"

"Trick-or-treat!" cheered the children... except for Phobé, who looked with paranoia around the neighborhood for anyone that might recognize her.

The big pink cat lady smirked--her bangs seemed to hide her eyes, making it hard to read her... but she grabbed the candy bowl, big and heavy, and lifted it onto her lap with one arm, the other lay resting on her long, throbbing cock. She began stroking it, hidden beneath the massive bowl, as the children approached to grab treats. The cat lady licked her lips, and while they couldn't see her eyes, she saw everything about them, and everything she enjoyed about them.

Not that anyone was bothered by that, just another Halloween.

The survivors escaped with fistfuls of loot, Natalia looking back with a frown as kids from her class disappeared. "Daddy can you hold me please?"

"Not now sweetie," Slim snorted, grabbing the bulge in his pants. He watched as Lauri was now in up to her ankles, and her body wiggling inside that gasping vixen's cock. "I gotta go take care of something. You got thing's Ash? Kay bye."

He ran off after another flock of trick-or-treaters. "Hey, you kids! I need your help!" The attending parents were happy to help.

"Uuurrp!" Spot belched Arly's tiara out onto the ground, then grinned at Benjie. "Woof!"

Benjie nodded and gathered up the abandoned candy, and his, and followed Spot off to rejoin the group. The two adults waved goodbye.

"Sweet kids," the silver vixen crooned as she felt the child slipping into her balls. Lauir was so pressed and exposed to cock, so soaked in it, and mesmerised by the promise of more of her private addiction... she couldn't struggle at all. Not at all. She slid in like butter, her whole body still and relaxed and accepting, as if she'd overdosed on catnip. Her true nip awaited, and she dipped into it, embraced it, and accepted it into the only space her body had left--her lungs.

The big pink cat lady nodded, looking at the abandoned tiara and jizzing onto the floor.

"Let me join you," the silver fox moaned, pointed her dick at the overfull kiddy-pool, and splutted the nutted Lauir out, only a costume now...

There was now a shark in the pool.

Spot belched out Arly's skull as he caught up with the group. He caught it in his arms and then put it on someone's lawn. He licked and kissed the skull goodbye, and even waved at it as they walked past. Benjie clutched his stomach as he began to feel sick from candy...

"I can't eat much more..." he groaned, but Spot hugged him and nuzzled his face... and the dog's stomach growled.

"Mmmm, woof, uurp!"

"There's Daddy!" shouted Natalia; from the front of the group she ran for where her father lay. He was on a lawn that had colorful bean-bags set up for kids to lie on, and the gang did just that, flopping onto them and whooping.

"Daddy what were you doing?" Natalia fussed, standing over her Dad. The lil' first-grader watched as her father slipped a yellow condom over his cock and orgasmed hard into it, his unusually large balls shrinking.

"Almost done honey, this was for your own protection, promise!" He filled the condom, tied it, and left it on the lawn.

The children then got off the bean bags and backed away slowly.

Ashleigh and Brenna guffawed and howled as they realized what state Slim was in. "You going to be okay? Need a few more?"

"I'm not an addict!" he retorted.

"Doesn't your wife think you should slow down on the CV?" laughed Ashleigh.

"She also watches CV on TV... and now look what you made me do!"

Phobé wondered what they were talking about, but her attention was trailing away. The light was on and the porch was decorated, so condom-lawn-house was a target, and her fellow trick-or-treaters were running up to the door. She followed, looking around for anyone who might recognize her.

Cailey, the kangaroo Indy girl, hung back and watched her. "Are you looking for those jerks? Don't worry I think they're gone."

"What? No, wait, what do you mean?"

"You keep looking around!"

"Well I don't want to be seen!"

"What? Why, why are you out here then?" asked Cailey. "Is it your costume? Your costume is cool, don't worry about what those old people thought, and I think they liked it! You look like Baphy!"

"I look like *who*?" asked Phobé.

"TRICK-OR-TREAT!" the children shouted... It seemed somehow more startling now that their numbers had shrunk.

The door opened and a middle-aged badger appeared, who was dressed as someone who really likes 80's metal... or maybe he just really liked 80's metal. He was eating a gigantic roasted leg of something... and knowing Mom's friends, Phobé figured that was leg-of-trick-or-treater, prepared the way gramma used to do.

"Yeah?" he said. "You saying you want some candy? Here ya go." He grabbed a bag of bite-sized candies, and by 'bag' it was the bag the candies were originally packaged in. He threw it on the ground for the kids to reach through the torn-open plastic and get their goodies. The disappointed kids did anyway, except for Cailey and the fox-priestess girl, who walked away in disgust. Phobé did the same, and fretted if Cailey would think she was trying to be a poser after almost grabbing for the candy anyway.

Onto the next house then. Natalia and her tabby friends jabbered, Spot belched into Benjie's face while groping him, Lylie, Flickr and Monique were trading candies... and Phobé somehow found herself walking with Cailey and that other fox girl. Yet she felt isolated. They had barely gotten past the lawn when the crass man from the house shouted out, "Hey, goat-girl, you're Baphy right? I loved that show! Fuck!"

Phobé looked back with shock. Cailey glanced back too and snickered at Phobé. "See?"

"What's Baphy?"

"Like as in Baphomet?" spoke Cailey. "Yeah, Baphy was a show before our time, my parents would talk about her show. She was a sexy gothic goat-lady and she'd talk before playing pulpy movies, usually adult kind of movies. The grown-ups think you look like Baphy!"

"Did she have cobwebs in her horns?"

"Well, no," admitted the kangaroo. "But she *absolutely would have!*"

Phobé grunted and glanced over her costume. "Is it actually good?"

"Why are you so self-conscious?" Cailey asked.

"Well I just want to be a little more my age, don't you?" said Phobé. "We're almost ten..."

Cailey blushed and began to whistle.

Phobé blinked. "What?"

"I don't know how to tell you this but... Uhm, I'm *eleven*."

Phobé dropped her candy! But someone rang the next doorbell and they all cheered, "Trick-or-treat!"

The kids lurched back as a rapid barking chased for the front door! Spot began to growl as frantic feral canines clawed at the door.

"C'mon get back, get back!" shouted the houseowner, opening the door and tugging on her dogs' leashes, the slobbering beasts sporting fat bellies with bone-shapes inside, bellies that were slowly evening out. The owner was a MILFy sort of brunette, one of the rare humans in town, and she warned, "Listen you kids watch out they *will* eat you alive, I don't know what you animal-folk put in the freaking water here but my god!"

Flikr lurched away just as a fat pair of bulldog jaws clamped where her face had been. The dog licked after her, catching her face and whimpering with a wagging tail as he was pulled away from the food. Flickr's chest heaved, her finger digging into the dog-collar she fatefully wore everyday. She watched the dogs with a kind of weird longing...

The woman finally had the dogs under her control and tossed individual baggies of candy she'd made up, off a tray or something they couldn't see behind the door. She then slammed the door and the dogs scratched away, yelping and barking with growling tummies.

"Happy Halloween you weird kids!" the human shouted. "Stay safe!"

"Is safe the point of Halloween?" Slim quizzed, overhearing. The other adults shrugged and gave a particular look at the human woman's house, that look you have when you want to be respectful but you *just can't understand the culture*.

The kids proceeded to the next house. Spot, agitated by the feral dogs, was savaging Benjie with his tongue, kissing him so deep that the poor boy's head was slipping into Spot's throat... Flickr looked on and shivered.

"Dog better not try and eat me... but did you see *those dogs*? Bow-wow motherfucker, yow!" She pulled at her dog-collar again.

"Is it the pet-play thing?" Monique giggled. "You know I'm always game, I love that stuff."

Flickr blushed and laughed nervously. "Ha-ha, no way. I'm not... like, *gay* or anything."

"But you dig ferals!"

"Not like that," she laughed. "They just remind me so much how I wanna be, I just see myself there and then... mmm bow-wow! Ha-ha!"

The girls giggled, and Phobé wondered if she should rejoin them. Spot was swallowing Benjie's torso now... Maybe they should kick him out of the group, most of the cats were gone now! But first, she asked Cailey a little more about this Baphy, and Cailey asked a little more about the whole self-conscious thing.

"You're really eleven?" Phobé interrupted.

"Yeah, and trust me, you shouldn't be self-conscious around creeps."

"But why are you still out trick-or-treating, aren't the teens going to make fun of you?"

"I just said don't worry what they think, do what you like, that's cool!" said Cailey. "Trust me, been there, done that. The people who tell you to change who you are so that they'll like you? They don't like you, they're not going to! They just want to control you, like a toy! Don't let them! Your costume is cool, lets get candy, and that doesn't make us little kids. Besides, what *does* make us big kids is that we're still alive doing it, right?"

Phobé just kind of stared. "Are you smart?"

Cailey blushed. "Please no... okay, AP classes, I might be a grade ahead... it's less impressive when you realize it's just a lot of hard work really. But did that help?"

Phobé wondered... "Yeah, I guess."

"Bleeech! Woof." The kids all looked at Spot, and slowly turned away. He was licking his hand and patting his fat, Benjie stuffed tummy.

"Wow he just ate his boyfriend," Cailey gulped. "I wonder what it feels like? Oh, I haven't introduced Annabelle."

She pointed at the priestess-fox. Her fur was a mango-ey orange color and she had long blond hair. She glanced over at Phobé and waved.

"Hey," the fox said.

"She's a bit shy," said Cailey.

"No, I just have nothing to say," said Annabelle. "The less I talk the more I see."

"Is that a haiku?"

Cailey and Annabelle snickered. As the group rang the next door-bell and gave the titular greeting, the fox mumbled, "I'm sure I didn't come up with it." Their mood all soured when the old hedgehog with bottle glasses gave them candy that was probably from last year... and had time-traveled from the 50's.

"What *is* this stuff?" Flickr gaped, investigating a candy that looked as if beef-jerky wanted to be made of plastic and its dream came true. "This is candy?"

She jumped as she felt something wet on her tail. Frowning, she turned backwards and saw Spot slurping up her tail. Being bigger, she stomped off, the dog dragging on the ground behind her. "Hey Miss Jorunn?"

The huge white horse, Brenna, turned to look at Flickr. The feline pointed at the dog hanging off her ass. "Will you please do something about him? He's eating all the cats, it's annoying!"

Brenna's gaze was not unkind, but astutely hawk-like. Brenna shrugged and picked Flickr off the ground by the scruff of her neck and up above her head. "Normally I don't do this for prey, but, you're lucky I want a snack and don't want to fill up just yet. Mlahhh."

Flickr gasped as the horse's wide maw gaped. "Wai-wai-wait you're not eating *me* are you?"

Spot whimpered as Brenna lowered him down into her gullet. Flickr held her legs up toward her chest, just off the side of Brenna's lips, which closed tightly around Flickr's ass.

Slluurrrrp.

With a pop, Flickr was set onto the ground and Brenna wiped her lips clean of the great taste. Flickr looked down with a shocked, grossed-out face at her spit-and-digested-cat-soaked tail.

"Ewww, yuck!" Flickr groaned. "Dog spit. Thanks Miss Jorunn!"

Flickr adjusted her hockey mask and marched with the surviving kids for their next house. Brenna patted her flat, muscular tummy and belched the Mickey Mouse ears out. "Hmm, he didn't quite finish the other cats, can taste them a little."

"Gross," fussed Jacky.

"You'd think so huh?" Brenna said and relished the aftertaste.

The gang had finally seemed to find their 'survival-groove', if for no other reason that Spot (and the slurry he'd kept) were now just a blood-sugar spike for the muscular mare. They'd been on the main street for the neighborhood, but eventually they did have to turn and venture onto another, and another, and their pails and bags were bulging and heavy with candy by the end. They'd had some close calls with predators leaping out from bushes or out of open graves wearing rubber masks. Strangers offered to take a few kids off the adults hands, and some of the other kids had gotten a bit too close and licky.

But the danger had been worth it, not just for the candy, as each house was its own museum of Halloween, flashing dark atmospheric lights and sounds, smoke and fog, twisted webs and streaming banners and clutching props... and the best houses always had some weird thing to set them apart--like the bowl of eyeballs they had to reach into to get the candy, blindfolded... A very close call, as they'd seen the group ahead of them lose a few members to the groan-inducing *vampire* bat that hung from the rafter and gulped up blindfolded kids as quickly as he could digest them.

The group was thinking about turning back, when turning down a street, they saw the road leading out of the neighborhood and to the nearby shopping plaza... and quite a spectacle at one of the buildings there.

"Oh, I could *really* go for a haunted house," longed Brenna.

Ashleigh stared off with a dog-like 'squirrel-where' look. "Oh, yeah, I read about it in the paper, it's *killer* this year."

The adults shared a good laugh about that. "I worked a haunted house a few years back," said Brenna. "Good times."

"How'd you do?" Jacky asked.

Brenna blinked, thinking, then gave a small smirk and said, "I absolutely *butchered* it."

"Okay enough of that before it becomes contagious," groaned Slim.

The kids had overheard and were staring too. Phobé struggled with the lesson Cailey had taught--her mind yammering, '*That's for big kids.*' She wanted to test her bravery, badly.

"Should we go?" asked Phobé.

"Yeah that'd be fun!" Cailey cheered, tipping her hat. She wagged her head with her hand on her whip.

Phobé smiled at this, and a little wider as the adults started agreeing.

"Yeah let's get a little excitement," snickered Ashleigh. "Oh but what about the kids? Should we drop them off at Slim's, make a big sleepover of it?"

Natalia literally *shrieked* at this. "YEEEEAAAAAH! Sleepoveeeeer!" She'd be more chill in later years, but hopped-up on candy she was climbing up onto Slim's torso and fist-pumping the air.

"Wait, I want to come too!" said Phobé. "I'm big enough!"

"Would it be too expensive?" asked Cailey.

"It's free tonight," said Ashleigh, "So we could take them all."

The surviving children gulped, looking over each other, trying to see how brave the collective was. One by one, though, they were asking to go, from bravest fox to the shivering tabby twins. "O-okay."

"Hell yeah," Slim said. "That's the spirit. What's the worst that could happen to you in there?"

Nothing that didn't almost happen already, and a lesson well-internalized. The adults discussed the logistics a moment and Brenna ran off to get Jacky's minivan to help make things easier--and returned faster than any of them expected. Brenna returned Jacky's keys, and they piled the hoard of candy into the back of the van. Most of the group walked the short way to the haunted house while Jacky drove ahead to park.

Phobé was momentarily puzzled by the sudden lack of sound. The steps and clops of the group were far more diminished than she'd realized. Sixteen children were now nine. The weight of that change fell away as they crossed the street though, because they could hear screaming from the haunted house, even across the parking lot shared by multiple supermarkets and outlets!

"00000H!" Ashleigh and Brenna cooed together, their eyes lighting up. Amidst giant gouts of real flame from the pyrotechnics, search lights and smoke, were long stains running off the windows of the buildings, and even from a distance it was clear it was wet and fresh, and Ashleigh especially could

smell the real blood. Nearer and nearer still, they saw actors (probably) in the street wearing bandages on missing limbs or their injured heads, and many were laughing as if they'd gone crazy. They ran at the children and gibbered before pulling away again. Some of it must have been *just* acting, but some of those amputations weren't for show...

The children looked up at the huge sign above the entrance... It was backlit, but barely, making black words stick out amidst a black background as if haunted, and you had to squint to see the ghost-words...

THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE

The building had been made to look like an asylum too, except for the meat hooks, some occupied, inside the lower windows. Posters hyping up the haunted house plastered the walls beneath the windows. As they approached to enter, Phobé read one that showed some cow-girl with long blond hair on an operating table, attached to electroshock therapy, and a bone saw resting on her thigh, ready to cut. A grill was burning, just barely noticeable, behind the shadowy doctor/butcher above her.

The fear on her face didn't seem totally convincing... but Phobé still got chills. Yet those chills turned to a touch of the grave when they stepped into the 'asylum's' lobby and Phobé spotted the teenagers from before. They were hanging out near the restroom portal, laughing with each other and rolling their eyes and sharing a vape pen. The other kids huddled together and stared at the frightening 'warm-up' props in the room... a taste of what lay in the lion's den. But there seemed to be two ways to go from here...

"Hey let's split up, really get lost in this place," laughed Slim.

"Is this Scooby Doo now?" Ashleigh barked. "Because I'm not Scooby."

"It's like a horror movie, no one gets picked off if we stay together, so let's split up." He winked at the kids, who only stared in confusion.

"Oh man this is making Phasmo way scarier now!" chattered Flickr.

Phobé's ear flicked up as she heard the teens laugh harder, and she overheard a, "Omigod look at that scared Jason, pathetic!" Her blood boiled.

'C'mon, be like Cailey, the actual cool kid, and play it cool,' she thought and took a deep breath.

"Oh wait those are those kids from before."

"Oh yeah, the ones we wanted to *apologize* to," snickered one of them.

Phobé thought she heard laughing, and turned to look. The rabbit and skunk smiled and waved. The demi, what was her name... S-K, a nickname perhaps...? She wasn't smiling. The guys came out of the bathroom holding large condoms, which they hastily stashed in the trashcan and tried to act natural.

"Uhh maybe we shouldn't split up," Phobé said.

"C'mon, it will be fun," said Ashleigh, smiling at her. "You're a big girl right?"

Phobé bit her lip. "Yeah."

"Ready hon?" Ashleigh asked, and held out her hand.

Phobé glanced at the teens. "Wait... Uh, maybe I should... go with someone else?"

Ashleigh rolled her eyes. "Trying to be that kind of big girl still huh? Just remember what I said that you're not too big for my nuts. But alright, who you want to go with?"

"Uhm, maybe Brenna?" said Phobé, her lips working with worry.

Brenna shrugged. "Fine by me."

Phobé let out a little puff of breath. "Cool."

"Alright," Slim said. "If that's cool with everyone, I guess Ash and I will take one batch and Brenna and Jacky can take another."

Phobé was joined by Monique, Flickr, that fox-priestess Annabelle, and Indy-Cailey. Phobé looked at her other friend, Lylie. "You cool?" she asked.

Lylie nodded. "Yeah! I wanna keep an eye on them anyway!" she pointed at the remaining kittens--including Slim's own daughter Natalia.

Phobé smiled. "Right on!~ So..."

"Yeah we're ready," said Slim. "See you on the other side?" He adjusted his sunshades for his Deus Ex costume and walked off with a practiced gait.

"Cool guy routine isn't the name of the game here Slim!" Ashleigh teased as she followed after the kittens and Slim, Lylie following up the rear. They heard Ashleigh howl as they entered whatever horrors lay ahead of them. The kittens all started screaming.

"Fuuun!" gasped Jacky, shaking as bad as the kids.

"Oh come on you leaf," Brenna said and grabbed the vixen's arm, tugging. Phobé and the others followed. The teens watched them go, but didn't seem to follow, not that Phobé saw.

As they entered the room, they saw a flashing, frantic set-up of strobes-lights electrifying a terrible unlife into the

electro-static torture machine beneath the strobe's pulsing gaze. The center of the amphitheater contained the shock-table, where a crazed crocodile doctor was practicing his treatment on a jittering corpse. The rows of benches, lined with strips of rubber turf, made a mock university-room to study in, now turned to a place to run and hop and evade the huge gorilla orderly who eloquently reasoned with the customers he chased. He explained that the doctor will need his lunch, and so does he for that matter! The other visitors screamed and ran with terror, and Brenna alone had the experience to recognize that half of them had run in circles instead of straight for the exits, and were lingering here.

"They're having a blast," Brenna whispered. "It's a little contagious, mmm, taste that *sweat* in the air."

"Ho-*hooo* no," Flickr whimpered, huddling against Brenna's leg.

"Here you big-ass gorilla!" shouted Brenna. "Come catch us!"

The orderly stopped, slapped his bulbous rump and turned in a smooth motion with a raised eyebrow. "Why miss you have only to ask nicely!" Then he raised his arms and rushed at them.

The children screeched, and Brenna scooped up Annabelle and Flickr in her arms and jumped onto the bench and hopped to the next like skipping in a school-yard.

"Us?!" Monique screeched.

"Get running!" laughed Brenna. "That goes for you too Jacky."

"WHAT!!" Jacky scooped nothing into her arms except her own hair and ran, with Monique gaping after her.

They all scattered and got lost in the benches, the orderly getting divided between them and Brenna, before settling for a clumsy college student.

Gasping, the kids made it to the exit and found Brenna waiting for them on a flight of stairs. Flickr was rubbing her arms and whispering, "C'mon girl you got this, yeah, you *got this!*"

Cailey had lost her hat. As she felt her head, she grimaced and a tear poured down her face. "Nnngf, dammit..."

"Oh no!" Monique simpered and held her fingers to her lips.

"C'mon kids," chuckled Brenna, "we're just getting warmed up, that was just the start."

The children gulped, and followed Brenna up the stairs, where they found themselves in an off-kilter network of hallways, as if ants had built the upstairs. Strobe remained the most reliable light-source, much to their dismay. Then they heard something other than orderlies on this floor... a great mooing, graveling voice and the screeching of something heavy and metal being dragged--something *sharp*.

"S-stick together now children!" Jacky stammered, trying to corral everyone, especially herself, behind Brenna.

"You heard Slim didn't you Jacky? Don't you want to split up?" asked Brenna.

"No!!" shouted Jacky, incredulous... her ears fell back and she squeaked, huddling down as low as her own daughter was! Monique's mother had gathered the butcher's attention--they heard him roar, and heard the sound of his approach!

"Okay this way," Brenna directed, and they explored, finding dead ends and empty small rooms everywhere... except for one large central area they kept returning to. Here, a massive butcher's block stood as a profane altar, and baptized in the

blood and *pieces* of previous victims. A heavy musk lay on the air, and Brenna took it in. "Mmmm there were some *horny* sluts that got put up on that table."

"There!" screamed Flickr, and pointed at one of the many halls that opened up onto this central room. The Butcher made his way in like a minotaur. He had spiked knuckles and a head-fitting brass helmet that amplified his own voice, and he dragged a giant butcher's knife. He banged his chest and stomped toward them.

Brenna stepped up toward him. "Jacky, try that way, that's the only way we haven't tried."

"Me?! B-by myself?"

"Dum-dum take the kids!"

"Rr-riight, uh, follow me kids!" she squeaked and took off in a sprint!! The kids chased, but Jacky was out of sight before they'd gotten around the Butcher's block.

Brenna stood in the Butcher's way, and he put his hand to her chest and shoved her against the table. "Oh, is this *full contact*?"

The Butcher paused... and gave a thumbs up, nodding.

Brenna grinned and cracked her knuckles.

The kids reached the hallway and found themselves in yet more maze. A three-way road lay before them, and no sign of Jacky.

Phobé started down a path, running on instinct, and Monique started to do the same but down a different path, when Cailey called after them, "Wait!"

They stumbled to their stops, as if their fear added inertia to them. They froze, hesitating to even double back, before Cailey pointed up.

They all looked. There was a pull-string for a drop-down ladder.

"Get it!" shouted Flickr.

"How?" Monique cried.

"Get on each other's shoulders!" Cailey answered.

Phobé rushed and took bottom--she was the biggest. She still couldn't believe Cailey was older than her, as the kangaroo climbed up onto her shoulders. Next came Flickr, just slightly smaller than Cailey. Monique helped hand-step-hoist the feline up Cailey's back, and once there the Jason Vorhees dressed cub did what Jason always does best.

Locate teens that need to die.

The ladder dropped down and the children backed away, shocked by their own success, but double-shocked by the group of faces appearing in the portal. They looked down at the cubs and laughed.

"Wow how did they get here so fast?" laughed the skunk.

"Right? We just got here," laughed the rabbit.

"Hurry, get up here!" called the panda boy.

The cubs looked amongst themselves, and Cailey shook her head 'no'. The rest hesitated, before a bovine roar from next-door kicked Monique up the stairs, yelping. Like dominoes the rest followed, with Cailey looking furious at them! They scampered into a dark, musty murder-attic, full of rusty hooks and torture tools and old furniture and stacks of boxes. A dusty set of couches faced each other, and that is where the teens

lead the cubs. The panda drew the ladder up behind Cailey, hiding them up here. Phobé couldn't see any other entrance, except the vent. The sounds of screams and chaos and, in a real sense, *fun*, seeped through.

The couches were big, big enough for four teens to sit comfortably and one precariously on the armrest--and S-K did that as a power-move, it was her throne. But the other friends sat more casual, and...

"Hey, pass that."

"Sure."

The children stared, stunned. Cailey broke the silence, "Nice, uh, hiding spot."

"Who said this was a hiding spot?" grunted S-K. "I'm not a coward! This is our break-room, duh!"

"Not duh! *Huh?!'*" gawked Cailey.

"Yeah, we like, own this joint, right guys?" said S-K.

"Yeah, sure," snickered the rabbit. "Let's not freakin' waste any time then, I want some fox up my puss."

"What?!" gasped Annabelle, and Monique jumped out of the couch, and Cailey rose up and reached for her whip, but had trouble unfurling it.

S-K moved quick, flapping her wings to push herself upon the fleeing arctic fox. "Ha! C'mon now, my friends deserve some snacks after the *trouble* your big dog-momma caused us earlier?"

"Dammit why'd you girls run up here for?" cried Cailey, raising her whip just as Micah's hand grabbed her wrist.

"C'mon now, those things hurt!" he laughed.

"Everyone have your treats picked out?" chirped S-K, Monique struggling and screaming beneath her.

"Aww, lemme have *both* the foxies, please?" pleaded the rabbit.

"No way, give me one of the foxes, my metabolism can totes take 'em!" The skunk-girl patted her butt and sauntered towards S-K. "They're just so juicy, my rump just loves 'em!"

"But I love foxes way more than you do!" said the rabbit.

"It's not a competition," said the skunk. "S-K, let me have her, you can't even vore anyway!"

"What?!" S-K snorted.

"Well I've never seen you do it, and like, you have a human face and--" Sabrina jerked back as S-K snarled and stood, pointing her finger. Monique froze, looking around, suddenly free.

"I could eat someone twice your size, bitch!"

"Well I've never seen you vore!"

"I'll turn you to shit!" snorted S-K, and Monique darted for the drop-down ladder. Scoffing, the skunk lept and pushed the surprised S-K out of the way, landing on Monique before she could get more than a few feet.

"Ha, now *I* caught her!"

S-K growled. "Fuck off, you're telling me I have to eat that big ugly goat?"

Phobé flushed with anger, stomping at S-K. The demi's ears drooped and she stood rooted as the ram-girl approached.

"Jeez," Sabrina grunted, and from her jacket pocket she withdrew a vial of... a kind of sickly green, thick sticky paste. She squeezed a fat drop out and touched it to Monique's nostrils, and she sneezed and drooped. She stood up, and armed her finger with more of the sticky oil.

Phobé lunged for S-K, and Sabrina caught her in her arm, headlocked her, and pressed the oil around the ram-girl's nostrils.

A debilitating foggy sensation overwhelmed her, and she felt almost as if she'd slipped into a dream world, where even the floor was a funny comfortable thing and so much like an ocean. She wanted to be washed away in it, if not for all the screams...

Oh gods the screams!

"I think she's tripping out," laughed the cruel, snide demi's voice. Phobé could barely see. She wasn't sure how it happened, but she was back on the couch.

"You going to eat her? You said you could eat chicks twice my size."

"I will, you go first! I insist."

"Phss."

Phobé blinked, looking across the room. The crying Flickr had her arms bound behind her with straps, but her face was flushed, causing her cheek-fur to fluff. She was held by a leash, and the panda boy patted her on the head and told her she looked like a tasty little pet!

"F-f-fuuck, please no," Flickr moaned.

"Mmm is it making you wet? Thought that collar was subtle enough huh? Or maybe I'm just lucky, cuz I just love digesting bitches off the leash."

"Oh god!" Flickr cried, and her hands cupped her crotch.

The rabbit and skunk sat cradling their delicious foxy treats, the rabbit dressed as a countess, and the skunk as a pirate. The rabbit exposed her pussy and guided Annabelle's face forward. "Mmm okay little priest-girl, time to worship inside my temple."

The skunk giggled, taking another hit off her vape pen while she pulled the arctic vixen toward her butt. "No no, you're part of me pirate booty, get it?" She snickered uncontrollably as she pushed Monique's paws between her cheeks and up into her rectum. "Ah..."

Meanwhile, the buck had Cailey held against his thigh, and she was shaking against him as his heavy, long dick lay across her face, oozing and preparing itself. "You're almost my age right? You're two classes under me. Cailey, right? Wanna be my girlfriend real quick?"

'My friends are gonna get ate,' thought Phobé drearily.

The panda knelt down, licking Flickr's face. She turned away from each lick, her finger trembled and spasmed on the floor. "Does the cat-dog like being licked? Groomed by big Daddy panda?"

"Shut up," Flickr whimpered.

"Beg."

"Nnoo..." she huffed.

"Beeeeeg, c'mon, like a good puppers."

"Fffuuu... mmmf mmmf mmmf!"

"That's a good pet... in you go!" His mouth yawned, wide enough to take in her head. He gave her a good look down there,

then he pushed her onto her back, her legs and feet scrunching up like a puppy. The panda grabbed her feet and guided them into his esophagus, and swallowed up the whimpering puppy-kitten. He kept a firm hold of the leash.

"I'll be a good pet, please, don't," Flickr begged.

"Mmmm," he sounded, as he enjoyed gulping her ass.

The rabbit/skunk pair pressed their backs together, their hips sprawled out across opposite sides of the couch, feeding their hips with fox. The rabbit's drooling snatch was sopping over Annabelle's generous cub-ass, and the skunk was finding a similar obstacle from Monique's bulbous butt. The teens were enjoying themselves though. The rabbit's tongue hung from her mouth, making humid pants as her womb filled with Annabelle's struggling head, returning her to a place that now only offered her digestion, not safety. Monique's feet kicked and distended the skunk's powerful guts, and the giggling pirate pulled more and more fox into her chest of booty, the vixen's thick ass making a *pop!* as her derriere finally surrendered.

"Shiit, can't think, gods it's so warm," Monique whimpered.

"Strong hit I gave you huh? You'll digest feeling so relaxed though, cool right?"

The buck had worked his generous dick into an almost lather, his pre was so thick and dripping! He grabbed his tip and parted his cum-slit wide, dug a finger in, then two, and then let his cock hang and yawn open. "Mmmm you're adorable, but how about you slip into something more comfortable?"

"Please, I have, so many things I want to do!" whined Cailey. "Just, can't we forget about all this?"

"I'm not mad!" laughed the buck. "Gosh I'd probably have done this before the year was out anyway, you're gorgeous!"

"Don't toy with me...!"

"Oh you don't believe me? Well that's fine, I'll prove my love my own special way..."

Cailey screamed as his cock lunged upon her, slurping up over her head, arms, and shoulders...

'And then they're gonna eat me...' thought, so far away and fused to the couch, did Phobé. All around the room she saw her friends disappear. Flickr's delicate chest vanished into the gulping panda maw, her legs kicking visibly in his stomach. He gulped her head and slurped the leash like a noodle, til he held what little slack there was at shoulder's height. He patted his stomach and let it grumble. The rabbit and skunk had similar belly bulges, with Sabrina pressing a whimpering arctic vixen completely between her fat butt-cheeks, and the rabbit was swooning and wiping the sweat off her smiling face as her leaking pussy slurped up Annabelle's long, fluffy tail. The teens bellies quaked with the quivering cubs packed away...

And all the buck had to do was fill his nuts.

'Oh my gooooood.' Phobé was quite out of it.

Cailey's face soon appeared in the buck's nutsac. He sensually rubbed at his chest and down his cock while it contracted to pull the prey, and contorted the prey for storage and processing. But the *sounds*, nothing so dry as that, his dick was a hot humid spluttering beast, and each gulp was like a forceful blow around Cailey's body. Her legs jerked and scraped the ground, her sharp, sharp talons gouged the floor--but the buck gulped on without worry of them. Soon that was all that was left of her, and the last of her muscular tail.

Sluuuurrp.

Patting his nuts, the buck backed up to the couch and sprawled on it, nearly hitting his head on Sabrina's swollen guts.

The predatory teens patted their swollen anatomy and congratulated each other on a productive, filling hunt.

S-K grinned in front of Phobé. "So you piece of shit. You ready to become my shit? Because I'm going to eat you."

Phobé blinked lazily. She had a thousand things she wanted to scream, but maybe the world could pause if she just zoned out enough, let her get her thoughts together.

"Don't pull that cool-girl shit with me, you're terrified and you know it!" S-K snarled.

'I am? I should be... Why, do I not seem afraid?'

Phobé blinked at her and opened her mouth, but then closed it and grunted. "Huh?"

S-K shook her. "I said I'm going to eat you and put you in the sewer as my shit, did you hear that or do you have shit for ears as well as brains."

"Jeez, you like to shout a lot," Phobé babbled. "I can't believe I thought you were fucking cool. Gods I'm lame if I thought you're cool, you suck."

The other teens burst into fits of laughter, and S-K's face grew red with rage til it was as red as her hair. "You... *bitch!*"

She really emphasized that 'b,' and re-emphasized with a stinging slap across Phobé's face. S-K grabbed Phobé's hair, shaking her, the webs swaying in her horns. S-K opened her maw wide--not wide enough to get even her muzzle, but as wide as a human should. "Ahh, in you go, bitch!" But then her mouth started to get wider...

Before Phobé could even see the back of her throat, the entire room *shook*.

They all screamed and looked around wildly. The panda boy stumbled and fell backwards, yanking hard on the leash and dragging Flickr's collar, now absent of a solid owner, from his stomach. The rabbit and skunk slid on the couch as it lurched to the right side of the room, the entire floor seeming to sink, and the two girlfriends' bellies sloshed with mushy fox. Phobé turned to look down at the floor as it released from the far wall and plummeted down. She saw flashes of two people as the floor gave way, and a large beam snapping... The buck held onto his precious cargo of hard working nuts, clutched up on the couch as it slid down the buckling floor. Phobé's did too, and she felt content about it, until the couch finally hit the sudden angle of the lower floor! She went tumbling off the cushions and out into the big central room where the Butcher's block had been.

The teen's couch bounced as it hit the lower floor, and almost toppled over. It skidded a distance and finally into a wall. S-K and the panda-boy tumbled directly onto the source of the sudden demolition, right where the floor collapsed from above...

Exhausted and bruised, Brenna unbuckled herself from the Butcher. Ostensibly, she had driven him into the wall and through the support beam that held up the murder-attic's floor. Groaning from her aching muscles, her stomach groaned too, and she clutched her stomach.

Then she spotted S-K, struggling to her feet.

"Oh fuck yes it is raining food!" she laughed, and grabbed S-K by the wrist. The girl shrieked as she was yanked forward.

"Holy crap you? What kind of freak are you?" S-K barked. "Listen my parents are super powerful people with money and power and like, fuck you if you think you can touch Shul'Karos because you *can't*!"

"Weren't you bothering my friend's kids?" Brenna said.

S-K barked a reply, a long one, but Brenna didn't listen, just pulled at her wings and studied them. "Let go dammit!"

"Huh!" Brenna sounded, then shrugged from the oddity, and grabbed the girl by her hips.

"Hey!" The girl's spark fell to fear and palor as she saw a big, yawning horse maw coming for her--for her *wings*. "Wait... *WAIT!* I BEG YOU NO!"

Brenna closed her teeth around the demi's wings and bit them off with a satisfying *crunch*. CCRRRIICK! Shlrrp. With a munch and chew, Brenna swallowed the destroyed wings and made a surprised sound of satisfaction. "Huh!"

Gasping, screaming, the teen barely kept focus as blood poured from her ruined back. Brenna adjusted her grip and lifted the teen by the feet high above her wide open horse-maw. Tears flooded from her eyes as apologies flooded from her mouth. "Please I'm sorry I'm sorry, please, please please *PLEASE MOTHER!*"

Brenna dipped the bitch down into the sizzling pressure cooker below, like swallowing a sardine... One fluid slurp, and the girl was reunited with her wings, and Brenna had a serviceable gut now. "Bleeche! That was good... Oh?"

The panda boy blinked at her, mere feet away. He still held Flickr's collar. He grinned sheepishly. "Just a little pet-play..."

Brenna licked her lips and reached for him.

"C'mon we gotta ditch this scene!" the skunk said, pulling the rabbit to her feet. Both teens struggled with their bellies full of melting fox-meat, The buck struggled to get off the couch, his legs shaking. He clutched at his squeezing, pulsing nuts. "I can't make it, I gotta cum! Oh gods she's so smooth!"

He grunted and gushed onto the floor. "Forget you then!" the rabbit snapped, and the two girlfriends ran for one of the

exits, only to go rebounding off a great, big MILFy hellhound. "Brenna did I hear your voice--oh!" Stepping into the room, she saw Brenna stuffing herself with panda, and she looked down to see the teens, and their swollen, gurgling stomachs.

Ashleigh noticed Phobé, struggling to her hooves and giving her mother a sad look.

Ashleigh snorted fire and hoisted the teens up by the scruffs of their necks. "Oooooooo, my daughter? Right under my nose? Mmm mm, *mmm mmm* bitch, that's not how we do things with my daughter. Not like that."

Real heat radiated from her maw as she lifted the rabbit up, and the teen screamed as her feet slid into Ashleigh's hellhound esophagus--where the spit was already hot enough to scald. She screamed all the way down, the skunk staring with blind panic. "CYNTHIAAAA!"

Burping brimstone-y smoke that wrinkled even the skunk's nose, Ashleigh snapped, "That's a hooker name. What's yours?"

"S-Sabrinahahhaaa!" sobbed the skunk.

"Creative."

Ashleigh parted her loincloth and stuffed the skunk's face into her scalding cumslit, steam billowing past as her pre-cum sparked and sizzled like hot grease.

The buck had just finished unloading Cailey and the rest of her costume, and was panting with satisfaction, when he felt a biting pain on his neck and shoulders. He was hoisted up.

Brenna smirked at him. "So you like putting cute girls in that sac of yours kiddo?"

The buck shrugged sheepishly. "It's a great past-time yeah... You into it?"

"I sure am," Brenna said. Her fat horse cock flopped up with a powerful flex of her loin-muscles, and it caught the buck's trembling hooves.

"You're not serious," the buck fussed.

"C'mon item #4, everyone knows pretty boy deers are too tasty to play pred, and I could *really* use a power wank after a good brawl like that."

"Wait wait wait!" he cried as her cock gulped up along his slender body, his gorgeous body, his sleek body... It had betrayed him.

"Oooo!" Brenna cooed, shivering as if she'd slipped into a cold shower. "Smooth, if I didn't know any better, I'd say you were an otter.

He only got caught on his own antlers, and when his head was the only thing left outside her cock, she grabbed the buck by the horns and forced every last bit down to her nuts--no antlers will matter in *those* caustic casks.

She did what he did to Cailey and had him spilled out on the unconscious Butcher in moments. Ashleigh started trotting over toward Phobé. "Well, that's enough excitement for one evening!" panted the hellhound. "I love it every year but good thing it's only once. Like Christmas."

"Yeah," panted Brenna. Satisfied sexually and otherwise, she looked around the room and the broken set. "Oof, got carried away. Hey where are all the kids?"

Ashleigh hoisted Phobé up into her arms, the exhausted ram clutching her mother for dear life. "I wanna go home," she panted.

"We'll be home soon," said Ashleigh. "Glad you're safe at least." Ashleigh looked at Brenna and hooked her thumb over her shoulder, pointing to where Slim followed up the rear with his

daughter, the tabby twins, but no Lylie. He did have a wrapped condom in his hands with a floating Cinderella dress inside. He tossed it aside and yawned, stepping into the room.

"Anyone else sick of these fucking strobe lights yet?"

"Heeey four survivors, that's not bad for Halloween!" Brenna chuckled. "Some groups have no survivors."

"Where's Jacky?"

Brenna shrugged. "She'll turn up."

They found her at the entrance to the haunted house, the group delicately explaining that there might be a set problem in the Butcher's room to staff, and then made a hasty exit.

"Where's Monique?" Jacky asked, but only once they were in the van and driving away. She was in the middle seats with Brenna, and claimed she was too tired to be bothered driving her own vehicle.

"Oh, yeah, you don't have any children anymore," observed Brenna.

"I wha-whaaaa-waiiit!"

Brenna's mouth closed around her, and the other passengers, tired and falling asleep in their seats or distracted with driving or their phones, ignored the sound of rapid gulping and frantic yelping. Brenna patted her swollen stomach when she was finished and belched loud and long. "Fuuck, always wanted to eat her...! Good timing."

"I bet," said an exhausted Ashleigh. "Where do you get that limitless energy girl?"

"Just stop skipping days at the gym hon."

Ashleigh rolled her eyes as the car rolled into Slim's driveway. "Anyone want this car? I'm not crazy about it," he said after parking

"Eh the state'll take care of it, that's their job," said Ashleigh. The exhausted survivors made their way inside, leaving the candy for now in Jacky's minivan--tomorrow will be a cold morning so the chocolate won't melt. Exhausted but not yet ready for bed, the adults settled into the living room. Slim's wife greeted everyone and offered drinks.

"Get up to bed kiddo," Slim said to his sleepy Natalia. "Is it time for the sleepover yet," she yawned.

"Sure thing sweetie, you're adorable... identical friends will not be leaving the house tonight."

"Yaaay!" she cheered and stumbled upstairs to her room.

"We're not?" the tabbies chimed in unison.

"Nope, now let's get you into a nice place to sleep tonight."

He unzipped himself and groped the tabbies tight little asses. "Been saving you all night, you know. Fuck, identical twins, one for each nut...!"

The other adults watched with a kind of comfort and familiarity, sharing a little in the arousal... Phobé lay with her head across her mother's lap.

"Being a big kid is hard..." she said.

"Being a kid is hard," Ashleigh said.

Phobé watched as Slim prepared his cock for the shivering tabbies.

"But we made it through the night..." said one of the girls.

"Yeah, we get to go home now and have candy..." the other rubbed her eye as she spoke.

"Well time for me to have my candy--oh, that's a good name for--wait l-lemme record this hold still. Oh, Ash can you hold my phone?"

Phobé watched him do it, watched her mom's friend suck two more innocent girls away, and she squirmed in a half-asleep, mystified trance. He professed how pleasurable it felt to have such cute twins in his twins, and when he watched the playback of Ashleigh's video he leaked pre-cum til a little puddle formed on the floor. "Fuuck, be right back," he grunted and shuffled off to another room to unload his treats.

"Are we going home soon?" Phobé asked.

"Maybe, don't you want to have a sleepover with your friend Natalia?"

"My friends are all food," Phobé panted.

"Yes..." Ashleigh whispered. She took a sip of wine, offered by Slim's wife and eagerly accepted--she'll be needing a top-off soon. As she held her daughter, she felt a familiar allure to her, the way she had for Phobé's birth-mother.

"Did you have a fun night?" Ashleigh asked with a slight drawl.

"Yeah, but, my friends are gone..." She pointed to where Slim had been sitting. "Them too. All gone."

"Ahh poor baby, you're exhausted... Don't feel bad Phobé. Their parents were expecting this, it happens all the time. It is just a part of growing up, and thank goodness."

"Being a big kid is hard," repeated Phobé. "I... I don't think I want to get older anymore..."

Ashleigh held her breath. "Is that how you feel?"

Phobé nodded.

Ashleigh sighed, but smiled. "Well... to be honest, sweetie... I'm very happy to hear that."

"You are?" Phobé asked, eyelids almost too heavy to maintain. She felt Ashleigh move her to the edge of the couch, her legs touching her mother's thigh. Her eyes closed, and she felt Ashleigh shuffle on the couch, drawing one leg up onto the cushions and tucked under her ass, while her heavy cock erected out above her daughter.

"Mm hmm," Ashleigh sounded. Phobé felt her mother undo her boots and pulled her panties off, piece by piece, her outfit stripped away.

"I'm old 'nuff do it musulf," mumbled the ram.

"Shhh."

"Can I jerk off while you do that Ash?" Brenna asked.

"Of course..." huffed Ash. "Oh Phobé, you're so gorgeous, just like your other Mom was..."

Phobé slipped into a dream, a brief one where she was stomping through a landscape of oatmeal, thick and goopy, but comfortably warm and tight on her legs. The further she marched, the deeper it got, soon squishing around her hips.

The oatmeal began to smell strange, a kind of meaty smell, like stew... but there was also something kind of foul about it... As she marched, the world seemed red, and to undulate, 'til she realized with a startle that she was marching through *digested cubs*.

She snorted out of the stomach dream, eyes opening and closing. She tried to roll over, but found she couldn't move her legs. "Mom you're sitting on me..."

"Oh sorry hon!" *Guuulp*. "That better?"

Phobé felt her body move. She started blinking and sat up, rubbing her eyes.

"Don't worry hon, you just go back to sleep," Ashleigh soothed. "I'll make sure you never grow up."

Phobé gasped, and saw her mother's tremendous glans biting up along her tummy! "W-wait!! M-Mom?"

"Yes hon?"

"You're... actually... *eating* me..."

"Yes, did you think I was joking about those times I said I'd eat you?"

Phobé sniffled and blinked unevenly, rubbing her eyes. "I dunno, I thought I'd have to be... am I in trouble?"

"Nooo hon," Ashleigh cooed, and her body trembled as she felt her true-born daughter's hooves sliding past her prostate. "Sssss, hooo!"

"But why?" Phobé whined. She tried to pull away as the cock reached her chest...

Ashleigh clasped her fingers with Phobé's, making the cub settle onto the couch. Their fingers danced and exchanged the familiarity of parent and child, before Ash moved Phobé's hands down to the gulping cock, and slid them in...

Phobé had a distant memory of being swaddled as a baby, and suddenly felt... comfortable. Ashleigh leaned down and kissed her nose and nuzzled her snout on her daughter's forehead. "Because

you're hot and I love you... and no better reason than that... Shh, shh, you'll be a condom soon baby-girl."

"I'm not a baby."

"You'll always be *my* baby, and soon you'll be baby-batter allll over again... going back to where you came from? You're never too old to enjoy that... now come to Momma."

Phobé sniffled, feeling the glans bulge up over her shoulders, her entire body trapped. She shivered and closed her eyes, letting the heat and penis-scent bake into her body. "I'm tired..."

"Yes dear..."

"I'm glad I went trick-or-treating," Phobé confessed. "You were right Mom..."

"You weren't wrong honey, but now you're oh so right..." Ashleigh licked her lips and finished her glass of wine, resetting it on the coffee table. Then she snarled and gave an intense glare into her daughter's eyes, her long canine tongue dripping onto Phobé's face. "Ni-night sweetie... I'll see you again soon, but it won't be the same."

Ashleigh leaned down and gave Phobé a kiss on the lips, which she returned. "Yeah... Love you Mom..."

Phobé scrunched up her face, bracing herself for the final swallow--like receiving a shot at the doctor.

Glluuuurrk.

And that is how sixteen kids wound up being one, sleeping away upstairs. Phobé felt her ass slide past a tight, quivering barrier on the way down, her mother groaning as her prostate was stimulated. Then she slid on that butt, down and then up and around a wall, curling her up into a ball until her head was between her legs. She hugged herself and tremored.

She could feel a lot of warm, sticky goo in her fur... "Wow... this is what it is like inside these? Inside Mom?" Phobé rubbed her sticky fur, rubbed the slime between her fingers, let the heat soak into her tired body. It was like a full body massage of hot lotion, and her mind became hazy and foggy. Her body tingled the deeper the massage kneaded. There was an almost pleasant, biting pain, the kind she felt when she pinched her nipples--except now it was everywhere.

Hand pressed on her from without and rubbed. Phobé felt parts of herself disappear, and her mind drifted again to a dream where she was able to fly out of the ocean of oat-meal, and ascend to explore witchy secrets in stranger planes, and first stop was an ocean of soft, sticky clouds in the sky... where all her experiences turned white.

Ashleigh drooled down her own body, her cleavage bright and shiny as saliva dropped from above, and pre spluttered up from below. Her cock was held against her body, she could just about give herself a boob-job if she wanted...

"Fuck, fuck," she groaned, seeing her daughter's form softening, becoming skeletal, before the pulsing nuts mixed her up like a bag of candy. Her bones melted as such, and she felt the sweetness of her child soak into her sac.

Slim returned, panting and sweaty but oh so satisfied. "That... was a good nut... Oh, I see you're having another too? Which one?"

"Who do you think?" snickered Ashleigh. "I'd never eat your daughter, not unless you asked!"

Slim grinned appreciatively. "Need a condom for her?"

"Yes please."

Slim handed her one and sat back down, while Brenna chuckled from her seat, her head resting on her hand and her

elbow on her thigh. "You should have seen them Slim, they had a real touching moment. It was real sweet."

"She's a real sweet-heart, yeah," Ashleigh winked, and teared up a little. "Very proud of her. Mmm, I think she's ready to cum out..."

Opened and ready, she slid the condom down over her cock, reclined back into the couch, stroked herself... and *jizzed*.

"Hahh, hahh," panted Ash as each thick rope of milky murky semen erupted from her impressive cock.

"There you go, nice and easy," Brenna encouraged. "Hmm how's it feel? She looks silky and rich."

"Fuuuuuck!" Ashleigh moaned, humping up into the air. The couch creaked as her ass bounced, the condom flopping around as it filled.

"Careful!" Slim cautioned, but the adults, including his wife Brandy who spied from her kitchen activities, began cheering as Ashleigh reached the crescendo of her climax.

"Gaahhh!" One big thrust of her hips into the air, her spine bent into a gentle curve, she gushed the last few gallons up from her shrinking balls and into a condom so fat and loaded that her dick couldn't lift it anymore, especially as all the cum rushing out satisfied her cock and all the blood erecting her cock began to rush out too.

The cushions bounced as Ashleigh collapsed back down, her semi-flaccid cock hanging down between her legs atop Phobé's new form. Ashleigh took a moment to enjoy the afterglow of her child's demise, then tidied up the condom. Her semen-slaked dick collapsed into her pudgy sheath to marinate into a juicy musk for tomorrow, while she pulled the condom up into her arms and lay with it on the couch.

"Mmm so warm and juicy, I think I'll lie here like this a moment. Do you mind Slim?"

"Not at all."

"Happy Halloween gang," Ashleigh sighed, and slid the warm, bubbling condom under her head and held the rest between her arms. "Fuck, being a Mom is the best job in the world."

Cast

Phobé: Ram-girl with brown-red fur. Self-conscious about being a big kid.

Ashleigh: Phobé's mother, but also her biological father. Home-maker hellhound who can raise it but is content to be a down-to-earth suburban woman. Owned by Slimshod.

Aura: Phobé's cousin, a golden sheep who just wants everyone to be happy.

Cailey: Nerdy albino kangaroo with a strong moral compass. Kind, humble, and uncompromising. Owned by ECmajor.

Monique: Feisty scamp of an arctic vixen. A greedy little brat but her heart is in the right place.

Annabelle: Quiet orange vixen who hides much of what goes on in her head.

Flikr: Care-free and friendly animal lover with a private penchant for 'role-play.' Tigress that looks like a house-cat. Owned by Slimshod.

Lauri: Blind and mysterious, her bright yellow fur and darling smile hide a dark obsession she'll take to her grave. Owned by Lamia.

Arly: Laurir's sister, at least in this story. Oblivious but happy, what she lacks in experience she makes up for in taste~ Owner to remain private.

Benjie: An easily flustered tyke with a huge crush on the dog that's 'training' him. Owned to remain private.

Spot: A simple soul with a simple goal--eat cats. Woof.

Miko: An energetic young boy who has already found 'his type', but adult males always give him more than he can chew in the end. Owner Slimshod.

Snowflake: Neat-freak and prissy, this pink-loving princess values only one thing more than being pretty and clean--and that's becoming post-biological. Tends to be post-digestion.

Lylie: Protective of kids smaller than her, but not very good at it.

Natalia: Slimshod's panther daughter in this story.

Brenna: Close friend and crush of Ashleigh, and buds with Slim. Powerful muscular and no nonsense, there is a lot of warmth behind all that muscle, but a whole lot of ways to eat you too. Owned by Slimshod.

Jacky: Monique's mother. A cowardly, bookish white vixen.

Lily and Holly: Food.

and Shul'Karos "S-K": An arrogant teen with a pedigree and not much else. She talks the game but that mouth might just put her on a platter. Owned by Er'Ryn.